

Funny Business by chooburii

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: !!!!!!!!, F/M, Holding Hands, mike just wants to leave hopper with a better impression of him now that he's dating his daughter, post snow ball, they're so cute i can't handle this

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Summary:

“On one condition” Hopper had said when El had asked if Mike could walk her home instead. “You come straight home. I’ll be waiting at the turn by Pinewood. And,” he’d added darkly, staring at Mike, “no funny business from you, Mr. Wheeler. I will know.”

Funny Business

Author's Note:

hi friends! here i am again with another stranger things fic bcs i just love these characters so damn much

i just wanted to say thanks so much for the support on Come Running Home to You, it means a lot to me after a year of not writing lol.

anyways, without furthur ado, i present: Mike Wheeler is scared of his girlfriend's dad seeing him kiss her, so he doesn't. El doesn't like that very much.

The night was cold, but Eleven found that she was, in fact, very warm. It probably had something to do, she mused, with the boy walking next to her.

They were moving in silence, close enough to just barely touch, their arms brushing past each other, but El was far from uncomfortable, the heavy weight of Mike's jacket on her shoulders a constant reminder that this was real, that his closeness was real.

It had been so long since she was this warm.

"So," Mike spoke suddenly, startling her. She looked up at him - *when did he get so tall?*- but he was staring pointedly ahead. "Did you have fun tonight?"

Eleven thought back to the Snow Ball, to the music and the dancing and her friends and Mike. She nodded, then remembered that he wasn't looking at her. "Yes." She said instead, finding that she wasn't pleased that he wasn't looking at her.

"I'm glad." He said, and then, "What was your favorite?"

"Hm," she hummed, thinking. She liked everything. She liked her dress and the music and being with Mike. "I think I liked dancing with you the most." She finally decided. Mike nodded, his face turned away from her, and they lapsed back into silence. This time, however, there was an electric charge in the air. El stepped closer to him, so that their barely-touching turned into completely-touching. Mike stopped walking, facing her. "El?"

"I missed you." She declared, leaning into his space. She remembered the way he'd kissed her, back at the school. She liked kissing Mike. She wanted to kiss him again. Maybe he read her mind, because he blushed, ducking his head so that their gazes broke. Her heart stuttered.

"C'mon," he choked out, then coughed and tried again. "c'mon, I promised Hopper that I'd get you home safe, and promises aren't meant to be broken." El remembered that particular conversation.

"On one condition" Hopper had said when El had asked if Mike could walk her home instead, after a pointed look from Joyce Byers. "You come straight home. I'll be waiting at the turn by Pinewood. And," he'd said darkly, staring at Mike, "no funny business from you, Mr. Wheeler. I'll know."

El hadn't understood what that had meant at the time, 'funny business,' but now, as Mike steadfastly refused to meet her eyes, she remembered a show she had seen on the TV a while ago. 'My dad said no funny business,' the girl in the scene had said, and the boy had kissed her, whispering 'what he doesn't know won't kill him, into her lips. Eleven blushed. Oh.

"Mike," she murmured, grabbing his hand and pulling him back to face her again. He looked at their joined hands, face hidden in the shadows. "Look at me." He shook his head. "Please?" And it might have been the plea in her voice or his own inability to say no to her, but he raised his gaze to hers, and suddenly he was bathed in streetlight, his face redder than she'd have ever thought possible. Her breath hitched. "Mike," she breathed, grabbing his shoulders to steady herself and raised herself onto her toes - *seriously, when did he get this tall?*- and kissed him, quickly and sweetly, on the lips, hovering for a moment in his space. He spluttered, surprise on his face, his hands skimming her sides as if he was afraid to touch her.

"Eleven, what-?" He stammered, his blush creeping up to his ears.

"You weren't looking at me." She complained, her nose brushing his. "I wanted you to look at me." With their closeness, she could hear Mike swallow, felt him settle his hands on the back of her arms, bringing her closer; she saw him close his eyes, lashes fluttering as he leaned in. She could count the freckles on his cheeks.

A car honked somewhere, and Mike's eyes flew open. He jumped back, stumbling over his feet in his haste to take his hands off of her. She stood there, grasping thin air where she'd once held him, as he tore himself away from her.

“Mike, why...?” Her heart thudded painfully in her chest. “What did I do?” Mike froze in the middle of brushing himself off, and he stared at her. She felt pathetic. Where did she go wrong? Did she overstep her boundaries? She felt tears well at the corners of her eyes, and hastily brushed them away, smudging the make-up Nancy had helped her put on. Through the blur she saw Mike’s eyes widen, and he reached out, towards her, stepping into her space once again and gently brushing away a lingering tear beneath her eye. He brought his other hand up, cupping her cheeks, his own eyes welling up at her sorrow.

“El, I’m so sorry. You did nothing wrong El, I promise. I just...” He blushed, but didn’t look away from her this time. “I just don’t want Hopper to be mad at me.”

El cocked her head, hurt quickly replaced by confusion. “Why would he be mad at you?” She asked.

“You-you know, for, like, kissing you.”

“Why would he be mad at you for kissing me?”

“Um, well, he’s very protective of you, you know. He probably doesn’t want...doesn’t want anyone kissing you, regardless.” She noticed the way Mike stuttered over mentioning other people kissing her. El placed her own hands over his, still cupping her cheeks, and brought them down towards her chest, holding them tight between her and Mike like a lifeline.

“No one else is going to kiss me,” She whispered, delighting in the way Mike’s fading blush bloomed again. She liked making him blush. “It’s only going to be you, you know. Promise.” And he nodded, like he did know. “And,” she said, a tease in her voice and a glint in her eyes, “what Hopper doesn’t know won’t kill him.”

When Mike rolled his eyes, she knew she’d won. He leaned down, resting his forehead on hers. “Jane Hopper,” he kissed her nose. She giggled, “Eleven.” A kiss on the cheek. “El,” the other cheek. “You are going to be the death of me.” And then he slid his arms around her, gentle, and kissed her proper, and it was unlike any of the other kisses they’d ever shared. El was on fire, aware of all things and at the same time nothing. She could sense the cold breeze caressing her cheeks, but she neither felt nor cared to feel it. It was Mike, everything was Mike, and in the way he was holding her, kissing her, she was confident in thinking that, for this one moment, she was everything for him too.

She was breathless when they pulled apart, her heartbeat

pounding in her ears, a drum to the symphony inside of her. She tucked herself into him, head ducking into his chest, and he held her tight, his own face buried in her curls.

"I'm glad you're here," he murmured into her hair. "I'm glad you're home."

El sighed in contentment. "Me too." And they stayed like that, wrapped up in each other, alone in their own private universe in the middle of the street.

A thought occurred to El suddenly, and she giggled. She pulled out of Mike's embrace to look up at him, smiling. "What is it?" He asked, grinning back.

"Do you think Hopper would count this as 'funny business?'" Mike laughed, a fake one, but he still didn't let go of her.

"Oh definitely. He's going to murder me." El grabbed his collar, pulling him down so that they were level, eye to eye.

"Not without getting past me first." She declared, and placed a soft kiss on his lips. Mike laughed, a genuine one this time.

"That makes me feel a lot better." He admitted, and took her hands in his. "C'mon, Miss Hopper. Let's get you home before any more 'funny business' happens and Hopper really does kill me."

El nodded, swinging their clasped hands between them as they continued walking, lightness in her heart from the Snow Ball, from Mike, and from going home.

Author's Note:

El is a strong independent teenage girl and she can kiss her boyfriend if she wants to!!!

thanks for reading! as always, you can find me and some more of my writing at 'upsidedownpromises' on the tumblr dot com